

breath slowly, i'm here to catch you

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/25869172) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/25869172>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF , dreamteam - Fandom , Real Person Fiction
Relationship:	GeorgeNotFound & Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream & GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream & GeorgeNotFound & Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream & Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound/Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) (implied) , Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) (Implied) , Clay Dream/Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) (implied) , Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound/Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) (implied)
Character:	GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) (mentioned)
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - College/University , Sickfic , DreamTeam , Fluff , Domestic Fluff , Tooth-Rotting Fluff , Mostly Platonic , But Can be Taken As Romantic , Implied Relationships , Sapnap and George argue, but they love each other - Freeform , Sapnap and George deserve more content , Underrated Relationship , It's implied that they're in a poly relationship , But totally doesn't have to be taken that way! , Straddling the edge of best friends and romantic partners , the best kind of soulmates , Sapnap gets sick and George takes care of him! , George is good caretaker , Take care of your homies y'all , not much real shipping though , maybe if you squint really hard? , idk man maybe I'm just touch starved , Holding Hands , Sapnap and Dream have verbal love languages and George struggles with that , Saying I Love You , Self-Indulgent , EXTREMELY self-indulgent , Living Together , George and Sapnap centric , Dream only comes in at the end , I wrote this all in one sitting and it kind of shows , Sapnap deserves the world , they all do , slight profanity , Mild Language , platonic skinship makes me soft , Author is once again projecting their dearest wishes upon their favorite content creators , so please don't come for me , I'll cry , jk I'm too tired to cry , how do tags even work?
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-08-13 Words: 3785

breath slowly, i'm here to catch you

by [athasa](#)

Summary

George and Sapnap may get into the pettiest arguments, but they actually do care for each other. It just takes a bit for it to show.

(Sapnap gets sick after a brief argument and George takes care of him.)

Notes

If you seen the tags, I don't have much more to say. Honestly, writing is how I express my deepest wishes, and I am very affection-starved right now. So sue me, I suppose.

But seriously, George and Sapnap deserve more content. I enjoy their interactions so much. The way they try to get under each others skins? But obviously care for each other? Iconic. Also sometimes I forget that George is the oldest of the trio and Sapnap is the youngest (a very happy birthday to Dream by the way, legal drinking age and all that), and the softness potential for that is one I had to capitalize on.

Also? Domestic Fluff content with the boys? Am I the only one???

You can read this as platonic or romantic, it doesn't really matter. It gets a little shippy at the end, but I was REALLY projecting by then, so you can disregard it if you want.

Obligatory disclaimer: I highly respect the content creators in this piece and would never dream of forcing characteristics, sexual orientations, relationships, or any other particular labels onto them. If they ever request that this kind of content be taken down, I will immediately do so. Again, to reiterate, I understand that their real selves and the characters or personas I portray in my writing are in no way the same and I respect them and thank them for their willingness for letting me as a content consumer to express and interpret myself through their work.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“Sapnap, you idiot!” George scowled as they burst through their front door, both of them soaking wet. “I told you we should have left earlier!”

“Well excuse me, George, I'm so sorry I made the sky suddenly burst into rain!” Sapnap shot back as he pulled off his water-logged coat and hung it on a coat rack. George did the same, storming into the bathroom for a towel.

“Well maybe if you didn't take so long to pick up your fucking books- how hard is it to-” George ranted, normally lilting voice tight and reedy with anger as he picked up his soaked satchel and pulled out his laptop, which had also gotten doused with a heavy bit of water as they ran back to their apartment. He began wiping at it with the towel frantically.

“Oh gimme a break, it's not like you didn't waste equally the same amount of time cooing to that cat we saw on the way to the library!” Sapnap yelled back at the older man. “Aw, fuck, my homework!” He cursed as he pulled his folder out of his backpack and saw the papers running with ink and clinging together.

“Okay then, then maybe if you hadn't taken so long to get out of softball practice- I should have just ditched your ass-” George growled as he tried to turn the device on, to no avail. He let out an uncharacteristically bitter curse. “I swear to god, Sapnap, if my computer's fucked because of you, I'm actually going to lose my fucking mind.”

“Oh yeah, blame it all on me again!” Sapnap’s face was turning red, water droplets cascading down as they fell from his dark hair. He pushed it out of his face with a frustrated movement to fix the Brit with an angry glare. “You always fucking do this, George, I can’t fucking-”

“Bloody hell, shut up, you- you oaf!”

George’s volume hit an aggravated height, and the other bristled at the hostile insult, also further raising his voice as he began stalking to his room to try to salvage his papers. “Oh, fuck you, George!”

Said man didn’t even look up from his work at the kitchen counter, choosing instead to flip him off with a derisive snort.

===

A while later, George looked up from his screen with a sigh and a stretch, the towel around his neck and his hair still slightly wet. After a run to his room to change into dry clothing (he had a test the day after tomorrow and was NOT going to be happy if he got sick from this), he had pulled his laptop apart and dried all of the reachable components. Thank goodness it was just water and that his laptop was rather tightly built- a more conducive liquid would have been disastrous.

After a nerve wracking few hours, he had managed to boot up his laptop and salvage a lot of the important files. He had lost a few, but they weren’t too necessary, so he counted himself lucky that nothing too valuable had been erased. He still had to take it to a tech person tomorrow, meaning that he was going to have to cancel his meeting with-

The low grumble of his stomach distracted him and he frowned, realizing that it was past their usual dinnertime. Their third roommate, Dream, was working late today, so he’d be back later. But George usually used his arrival as a cue to start dinner (he usually cooked for the three of them, though they rotated chores and tasks fairly regularly), so that explained why he had lost track of time.

Speaking of dinner, where was Sapnap? He had heard emphatic curses and the whirr of a hair dryer in the beginning, the other probably drying out his papers, but had chosen to block it out, too consumed with stress and anger. Now that everything had settled down a little, though, even the pounding storm slowing to a steady pitter patter against the window panes, he realized that he hadn’t heard anything from the youngest member of their household for a while now.

He gave a short sigh before resolving to go ask him if he wanted something for dinner. Knowing the way their fights usually panned out, they’d usually avoid each other for a while as the tension settled, and end up silently agreeing not to mention it again, but right now George still had the responsibility of putting the argument aside and feeding the younger boy, even if frustration still curled in his gut.

He gave another stretch and padded over to Sapnap’s closed door, hesitating before knocking slightly. When there was no answer, he frowned and knocked louder. “Sapnap.”

When the answer still didn’t come, he scowled in frustration. Was he ignoring him? He had half a mind to just let him starve, but the rational side of him reassured him not to. He opened the door brusquely, popping just his head inside. “You could at least answer me when-” Then he blinked.

Sapnap was slumped asleep in his chair, his desk littered with dried papers. George could see that some of them had been wrecked beyond comprehension, but most of them were at least legible. They seemed to be on Computer Science- He could recognize the familiar brackets of Javascript

from a mile away.

George hesitated again before walking inside, resolving to shake the younger awake. But when his hand made contact with his shoulder, he jerked back in surprise. Sapnap's shirt was still wet and freezing cold, and George realized that he had never changed out of his wet clothes and so had never fully dried off, probably too preoccupied with trying to save his work.

Peering closer at the sleeping boy, George saw that his face was uncommonly flushed. Sapnap had a darker complexion and rarely blushed, unlike George and his constantly rosy, pale face (it was something that both Sapnap and Dream teased him for), so it was weird to see his face so red. When he pressed his hand tentatively to his forehead, George gasped, frustration turning to concern. Sapnap's forehead was very warm and but his body was cold and still slightly wet, either from the rain or from perspiration. That was definitely a fever under his fingers.

Just like him to not take enough care of himself. George thought worriedly as he began to shake Sapnap harder. He had to get the younger boy out of these wet clothes and into something dry so that he'd be able to warm up. "Hey, Sapnap. Sapnap. Wake up, dummy." The jab was gentle now, none of the earlier aggression audible.

Sapnap groaned, then blearily cracked open an eyelid to meet George's concerned gaze with a hazy look. "Mmm... George? Are you... here to yell at me more?"

The slurred words made George flush with guilt. Sometimes he forgot that Sapnap was younger than him, that he had a responsibility as the oldest to not squabble with him. And that though he seemed tough, he was really pretty soft. "...No, Sap. You fell asleep in wet clothes and you're running a fever. C'mon, we have to get you out of them. Can you change by yourself?"

Sapnap lolled his head to the side to regard him, then seemed to try to lift his arms wearily. Then he dropped them with a soft whine. "I'm really tired."

George internally cursed, knowing that his friend had been run ragged by his classes and commitments to softball and violin and all that. He felt even guiltier knowing that he had picked a fight when Sapnap was so worn down. "Okay, well, that's okay. I can help. Is that okay?"

Sapnap nodded slowly, his slightly peeved and hurt look softening to muffled trust, and George felt a rush of gentle affection for his friend, along with a healthy dose of guilt. "Okay, I'm going to help you to your bed so I can start taking things off, okay?"

When he got another slow nod, George hoisted Sapnap up and practically dragged the limp man to a sitting position on his bed, grunting. He wasn't as athletic as his friends (Dream played football, Sapnap softball), and considering Sapnap was a bit bigger than him (a fact that the younger gleefully rubbed in his face at every chance), he was rather pleased at his small accomplishment.

As Sapnap sat slumped at the edge of his bed, obviously already dozing again, George rummaged around in his drawers for his friend's favorite pajamas- a pair of pants covered in pandas and a soft white shirt with one big panda on it. Dream had actually bought it for him two years ago.

He found it and brought it back, setting them to the side and standing stoutly in front of his friend. "Sapnap, can you try lifting your arms for me again?" He kept his voice soft, trying to convey that there was no more animosity between them. Sapnap tried, and actually succeeded, but they dropped quickly, with the younger boy letting out a distressed whine.

George furrowed his brow in concern. He had never seen Sapnap so weak. He gently held Sapnap's wrists and set them on his own shoulders, peeling the soaked shirt off with care. Not too

long ago, George would have balked at the idea of undressing his friend like this. But they had been through a lot, and it pleased George that Sapnap trusted him this much, even right after a fight. There was an easy understanding between them, and he appreciated that.

He easily pulled the shirt off and replaced it with the dry one, Sapnap sighing at the feel of the soft cloth. He did the same with his pants (he thanked the lord that they were sweatpants, not jeans, because that would have been much harder to remove), pausing. “Do you want to change your boxers?”

“Yeah... I can do that on my own though...” Slurred Sapnap, and George nodded, passing him a pair of boxers before turning to give his friend some privacy. He often helped the others do laundry when they were too preoccupied, so he knew where Sapnap kept them.

“M done.” Sapnap said quietly, the bed creaking, and George turned to see him splayed out on the bed, face red. “It’s hot, George.”

George hummed reassuringly, collecting the wet clothing and setting it aside to dry, and then reaching to press a cool hand to his forehead. Sapnap sighed in pleasure at the cool, steady palm. “That’s nice.”

“I know, Sappitus, you’re running a high fever. I think. I’ll bring you some medicine and water and a thermometer in a minute, okay?”

The other snuffled as George helped him into the pants and wrapped his comforter around him. “You should’ve changed faster, Sap.” He chided gently. “You were probably infected already, and it probably slipped past your immune system while you were so cold. Was there someone around you who was sick recently?”

Sapnap nodded tiredly, turning red-rimmed eyes to him and sniffing. “I think... I think Tommy was sick, a few days ago... but he kept insisting he wasn’t.” and he let out a loud sneeze, pulling back looking congested. “Sorry.”

George recognized the name as the boisterous young blond in Sapnap’s softball team and let out a disapproving murmur as he carded his fingers through dark hair. As he began to move away from the bed, Sapnap weakly protested, pawing at his hand with his minimal strength. “Where..?”

“I’ll be back in a second, you need medicine and some water, and tissues and a thermometer. I won’t be far.” Cooed the older, remembering how needy Sapnap got when sick. He rarely did, since he had a pretty good immune system, but when he got sick, it hit hard. George felt another pulse of guilt as he realized the cold wasn’t the only reason he got sick- it was probably due to his stress over the past few days too.

He dashed to the kitchen and their medicine cabinet, picking up a box of tissues, two bottles of cool water, and the thermometer as well as some acetaminophen. He considered his options as he hurried back- unlike medication like ibuprofen, which would make you nauseous, you could take acetaminophen while having an empty stomach, but Sapnap was bound to be hungry. A quick glance at the clock showed that dinner was an hour late.

Some classic chicken soup should be good though, he decided as he came back to the bed. Non-obtrusive and warm and filling. There was a reason it was a classic after all. “Hey, I’m back.” He said softly.

Sapnap blinked up at him as if to reaffirm his presence, eyes half-lidded as George set the items down and helped him sit up, fluffing his pillows behind him. Sometimes he really did feel like a

mother hen, but he supposed it was necessary to keep his two idiots in line.

As if to reinforce his thoughts, Sapnap snuffled pitifully, eyes large and dark as he fully opened them. "I'm hot, Georgie."

If this was another situation, he was sure Sapnap would have said it with a smirk and he would have responded by rolling his eyes and a snarky retort. But right now, George smiled reassuringly and pressed the thermometer into his mouth. "I know, Sap, it's going to be better soon, I'm here for you." And he felt a flush of pleasure when Sapnap nodded dopily, eyes filled with visible trust, their argument seemingly forgotten.

He whistled lowly when the thermometer came to read a concerning 102.4 degrees Fahrenheit. He dropped the tablets of acetaminophen into his hand and held the water bottle up for him to drink from. "Swallow, and hopefully your fever will break in an hour."

Sapnap nodded and obeyed mutedly, drinking thirstily from the water bottle and then batting at his hand for him to pull it away. Wheezing slightly, he regarded George sleepily. "What if you get sick 'cause of me, George?"

"It's okay, Sappitus, I'm a big boy." he said jokingly but kindly. "Here's the tissues and the extra water. I'm going to warm up some chicken soup for you, okay? You must be really hungry by now. And Dream's coming back soon so I should prepare something anyway."

"Okay, mom." Sapnap yawned dopily. George snorted and carded his fingers through Sapnap's sweaty fringe again, wincing slightly as his fingers came away absolutely wet, before setting off.

As broke university students, they usually headed straight for the instant stuff, but George hesitated as he passed the prepackaged soup cans. Somehow it felt wrong to feed Sapnap the artificial stuff when he was so weak, especially since he was still guilty about yelling at him. He decided to whip up a quick soup from scratch, thanking his lucky stars that Dream had gone shopping yesterday. He thoroughly washed his hands before taking a deep breath and starting.

For the next thirty or forty minutes he immersed himself in dicing carrots, potatoes, celery, and onions while also arranging his herbs- ginger for digestion and inflammation, garlic for antibacterial purposes and taste, rosemary, thyme, pepper, turmeric, and salt. Part of the reason he was often the one who cooked was because he wasn't only the best at it (Dream wasn't bad, just basic, and Sapnap couldn't keep himself from burning all of the ingredients), but because he genuinely enjoyed making things for his friends.

Into the pot went some oil, the veggies, the broth, and the meat and herbs, and he put it on low and let it simmer away. The kitchen was filled with a homey, delicious scent that soothed his guilt, and he allowed himself a brief smile at his work. When it finished, he spooned it carefully into two bowls, one for Sapnap and one for him, and another serving for Dream left on the stove for him to grab when he came home.

After writing a quick note to Dream telling him there was soup on the stove and that he was with Sapnap, and leaving it on the kitchen table, he padded back to Sapnap's room, holding the bowls carefully and nudging the door open with his feet. "Sap?"

The nearby waste bin was already almost overflowing with used tissues, and George noted to himself to bring it closer in case Sapnap suddenly needed to puke. Probably not, but he'd rather not take the chance- he couldn't stand the sour smell of stomach acid on the floor or furniture. Sapnap, still propped up against his pillows, opened his eyes wearily. "George?" Then he sniffed, and George could hear the rumble of his stomach from the door. "Something smells really good..."

“Obviously, *I* made it.” George laughed, and Sapnap let out a weak giggle. He noted that he seemed to be more energetic already- the medicine must be kicking in. “Do you think you can eat on your own?”

Sapnap hesitated, then raised his hand weakly. He was obviously trying not to let it shake, but it was an effort. George snorted kindly and placed his bowl down, pulling over Sapnap’s chair to the side of the bed. “I thought not. Here, I’ll just feed you.”

“Aren’t you hungry though?” Sapnap said quietly.

George shrugged and snickered, sitting. “Yeah, well, I’m not letting you spill soup all over your blankets.”

“My hero.” Sapnap drawled, but his dry attitude was undercut by the wheezy cough that came out his throat a second later.

“More like I don’t wanna do your laundry.” George spooned up some soup and held it to Sapnap’s lips. “Now eat up and get better.”

“...” Sapnap frowned contritely. When George raised an eyebrow at him, he looked down and mumbled, “Sorry for burdening you.”

That surprised George. It was rare for the exuberant Sapnap to apologize for anything, especially for something so small like this. He realized that his previous words could have been interpreted as spiteful, and gave the younger a comforting smile. “I didn’t mean it like that, Sap. It’s not a problem at all.”

When he still looked troubled, George nudged the spoon closer. “Eat. it’s going to get cold if you don’t.” Sapnap weakly smiled and accepted the spoonful, making a small noise of surprise.

“Oh! That’s really good! That’s not the instant ones we bought last time, is it?”

George felt a rush of pride at the expression on Sapnap’s face. “Nope, I made it.”

“You made this?” Sapnap tilted his head as he swallowed another spoonful.

“Why, you can’t believe my skill at cooking?” George posed, and Sapnap managed a raspy laugh.

“It’s really good. I can’t believe you made all this for me.” He said, sipping slowly.

“Chicken soup is a classic for sickness. Be careful now, it’s still hot. Don’t burn yourself.”

Sapnap eventually finished the bowl, looking content and full, and when George took his temperature again, they saw it had slipped down to a much more manageable 99.2 degrees Fahrenheit. They shared a soft cheer. Then Sapnap settled down and dozed, occasionally grabbing at the tissues so he could blow his nose, as George ate his own (now cool) bowl of chicken soup.

Just as he had the last spoonful, spoon scraping at the bottom of the bowl, Sapnap stirred. “George?”

George looked up, surprised. From the way Sapnap’s breathing had slowed, he had assumed him to be asleep, but it seemed like the other was waiting for him to finish. “Yeah?”

“I’m really sorry.”

The pitiful apology made George frown softly. “For what, I already told you it’s no big deal at all.”

“Not for getting sick- well, a little for that too.” Sapnap shifted, gaze dropping. “But I meant for making us late and getting us both wer. It's what got us in this whole mess.”

“Oh!” The guilt came rushing back, and George placed his bowl on Sapnap’s nightstand to lean forward. “Oh, Sapnap, that was my fault... I shouldn't have snapped at you.”

He wasn't as good as verbal communication as his friends, and that was why he preferred to show his affection through action. He tentatively reached to take Sapnap’s hand, and though the other boy’s eyes widened slightly, he didn't pull away, even weakly gripping back. It gave George the courage to continue.

“ I know you didn't mean to do... anything, it wasn't your fault. I know you’ve been really pushing yourself these days, and I'm sorry that I made it worse. Nothing bad even happened, I was just being frustrated. I didn't lose anything important.” He bit at his lip. “And... your notes that got ruined were Comp Sci notes, right? I can help you out with that if you want.”

He gave him a slightly nervous smile, and Sapnap returned with a relieved, bright one, or at least as bright as he could manage in his drained state. He slipped down in his sheets, still holding onto George’s hand, and mumbled a sincere, “I love you, George.”

George blushed before opening his mouth to nervously say it back. Even just between the two of them, the admission seemed unbearably intimate. He didn't know how the other two did it.

“I... I love you too, Sapnap. Now go to sleep, okay? I’ll be here when you wake up.”

For a blissful while, everything was right, the tension and guilt finally dissipating, Sapnap’s slightly sweaty hand firm in George’s slender, pale one. The storm clouds parted outside and let ribbons of sunlight stripe the bedsheets in lazy patterns. George leaned back in the chair, keeping their hands connected, and tilted his head back, feeling drowsy all of a sudden.

===

Not too long later, he woke up to a low chuckle and a large, steady hand on his shoulder. “You’re gonna hurt your neck sleeping like that, Georgie.” Dream’s voice drawled, and George opened his eyes to meet their third roommate’s fond green eyes.

“Welcome back, Dreamy.” He hummed back, stretching slightly, noting with a soft smile that he was still holding Sapnap’s hand.

“Thank you for leaving me dinner on the stove. It was really good.” Dream smiled. His gaze drifted to the youngest, who was doing much better, sleeping soundly with no rasping or wheezes, but Dream could see the mound of tissues in the trash can and the thermometer lying on the bedside table. “I came to see why it was so quiet but... Rough day?”

“Nah, Sap got sick but he’s doing better now. It was a pretty good day.” George mumbled, giving him a relaxed smile.

“See, look how pretty it is now.”

I just read through it and realized I put a strange amount of specific yet general medicinal knowledge into George's thought process while taking care of Sapnap and I'm not very sure why. (Why did I even spell out acetaminophen when I could have just said Tylenol? Is Tylenol an international thing? They're literally just acetaminophen tablets.)

I don't know.

But make sure when you're taking care of your homies you make sure that your actions are the best and medically sound!

Much Love! And take care of yourselves.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!